

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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and
His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.

President—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUDLEY.
Principal—Sir STERNDAL BENNETT, Mus. D., D.C.L.

The MICHAELMAS TERM will commence on MONDAY, 21st September, and terminate on SATURDAY, 19th December.
Candidates for Admission can be examined at the Institution on THURSDAY, the 17th September, at Eleven o'clock, and every following MONDAY and THURSDAY at the same hour.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
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GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

SEPTEMBER 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, 1874.

Principal Singers already engaged.

Miss TIETJENS	Mr E. LLOYD
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Madame TREBELL-BETTINI	AND
Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING	Signor AGNESI.

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On TUESDAY, at One o'clock, Spohr's "LAST JUDGMENT" and Weber's "PRAISE JEHOVAH."
On TUESDAY EVENING, at 7:30 o'clock, Haydn's "CREATION" and Rossini's "STABAT MATER."
On WEDNESDAY, at 11:30, Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH."
On THURSDAY, at 11:30, Rossini's "MESSE SOLENNELLE;" Mendelssohn's "HYMN OF PRAISE."
On FRIDAY, at 11:30, Handel's "MESSIAH."
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LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The PLAN of the HALL may be seen on and after September 1st, at the Committee Rooms, Pease's Buildings, 5, South Parade, Leeds, where Reserved Seats may be selected daily between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 p.m.; Saturdays 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Applications by letter may be made on and after THURSDAY, August 27th, and the Committee will select seats for such applicants in the order in which their letters are received.

ASCHER'S "ALICE."

MR CHARLES WEBB will perform ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE," at Myddleton Hall, on August the 29th and 31st.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT, DR. BUNNETT, MR. RUDD, and Mr. HARCOURT will play an ANDANTINO, by BENEDICT, and a POSTHUMOUS MAZURKA, by CHOPIN, arranged by SIR JULIUS BENEDICT, for Four Performers on Two Pianos, at Madame Christine Nilsson's Grand Evening Concert, in St Andrew's Hall, at Norwich, Tuesday, September 15 and 16, to be given in aid of the Jenny Lind Infirmary for Poor Sick Children.

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"SUPPLICATION AND PRAISE,"

BY

R. SLOMAN, Mus. Doc., OXON.

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Price 2s. 6d.

ORCHESTRAL PARTS COMPLETE.

From THE HOUR, June 20th, 1874.

"ALBERT HALL.—A very successful performance of a new Cantata, entitled 'Supplication and Praise,' by Dr Sloman, was given on Wednesday last, in the Royal Albert Hall. The choruses were sung by Mr Carter's choir, and the solos sustained by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli. Admirably instrumented for the orchestra, and written with a full knowledge of the capabilities of voices, Dr Sloman's cantata is a work which any musician might be proud of having produced. The choruses, in fact, show the hand of a master both in design and elaboration, whilst the vein of melody which runs through the solos bears witness to a well cultivated musical organisation. An air allotted to Madame Lemmens, and splendidly sung by that lady, was enthusiastically applauded and encored. A tenor air, to the words, 'Teach me, O Lord,' sung by Mr Vernon Rigby, and a bass solo, 'Give ear, O Lord,' also met with great approval. Dr Sloman was called for at the conclusion of the cantata, and received an ovation which was justly due to him."

From THE STANDARD, June 19th, 1874.

"The verdict of the audience was unquestionably in favour of the cantata. The composer, who conducted the work in person, was loudly and warmly applauded at the conclusion."

From THE ORCHESTRA, June 5th, 1874.

"There are cantatas and cantatas, and composers with and without choirs; and there are composers who work well and conscientiously, and spare no pains to do that well which they think worthy of being done at all. Dr Sloman has made his work a labour of love, and displayed an amount of thought and technical skill worthy of the highest praise. As instances, we may mention the double choruses (three in number), which occur in this cantata, which are really so, and not merely in name. The solos are melodious and full of character; a chorale, which does double duty, is good and effective; and the whole work bears evidence to natural genius and acquired skill."

From THE ORCHESTRA, June 26th, 1874.

"'Supplication and Praise,' which we recently noticed, was performed at the Royal Albert Hall, on June 17th. Dr Sloman's work more than deserves the commendation we bestowed upon it."

ORGANIST.

AN ORGANIST and CHOIRMASTER is Wanted for Greyfriars Parish Church, Dumfries. Salary, £50. Apply, with testimonials and references as to character and qualifications, to Mr EDWARD MCQUEEN, Session Clerk, High Street, Dumfries. N.B.—Not later than 1st September.

WANTED, an ORGANIST and CHOIRMASTER, for Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool, to begin duties on the first Sunday in October. Salary, £50 per annum. Apply, stating qualifications and giving testimonials, to Mr CHARLES W. JONES, 6, Childwall Road, Wavertree, near Liverpool.

MISS EMILY TATE, who had the honour of playing before the Court at Osborne, will shortly Return to Town, when she can accept ENGAGEMENTS as Solo Pianist, or to play with Orchestra, if required. Address, Miss EMILY TATE, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

MADAME SINICO-CAMPOBELLO will accept **ENGAGEMENTS** for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., after the 20th of September next. Communications to be addressed to 29, Bedford Place, Russell Square.

MR NELSON VARLEY, having finished his Engagements in the United States, has returned to London, where he purposes remaining during the Winter. For Concert Engagements, Oratorios, &c., address, Mr NELSON VARLEY, 7, Saunders' Road, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

MISS ADA LESTER, Pianist (of M. Rivière's Concerts, at the Royal Italian Opera House), is free to accept **ENGAGEMENTS** for Concerts in Town or Country. Address, Miss ADA LESTER, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MADAME LOUISE LIEBHART begs to announce that all communications respecting **ENGAGEMENTS** for Concerts, Lessons, &c., may be addressed to her residence, No. 21, Grove End Road, St John's Wood, N.W.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT, Pianist (of M. Rivière's Concerts, Royal Italian Opera House), can now accept **ENGAGEMENTS** for Concerts, Soirées, &c. Communications may be addressed to the care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street; or to Miss LILLIE ALBRECHT, at her NEW residence, 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

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MIGNON.

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("NON CONOSCI IL BEL SUOL.")

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(Copy of Letter from Sir Julius Benedict.)

2, Manchester Square, W., April 27th, 1874.

DEAR SIR,—I have examined with much interest the parts published of the Collection of Sacred Jewish Hymns, composed and compiled by the Rev. M. HAST, and edited with your most valuable co-operation. The beautiful and characteristic melodies, with their appropriate musician-like accompaniments, will, I have no doubt, prove highly attractive to all artists and real amateurs; and, if continued with the same discrimination and carefulness, must eventually become a standard work, superseding its predecessors. With best wishes for your success, I remain, dear Sir, very truly yours,
JULIUS BENEDICT.
Michael Bergson, Esq., 21, Shirland Road, Malda Hill.

BEETHOVEN'S POLONAISE (Op. 89), as played by **Mlle MARIE KREBS**, is published—price 3s.—by DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

LES ALOUETTES, Impromptu for the Pianoforte, by **T. LESCHETIZKY**, as played by Madame **ESSIPOFF** at her Recitals, is published—price 3s.—by DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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"**VIENI, VIENI.**" Serenade. Composed by **ADOLFO FERRARI**, and sung with such great success by Miss **SOPHIE FERRARI** at Mr Oberthur's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, is published—price 3s.—by DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W. N.B.—"**VIENI, VIENI**" is also published, transcribed for the pianoforte by **EMILN BERGER.** Price 3s.

A PSEUDO-NATIONAL SONG.

In the month of last October, the Swiss papers announced the death of an artist who, a few years since, retired to Berne. For some time his name had fallen into oblivion, yet in his youth he had not been deficient in talent, and had enjoyed a certain reputation. It would not, perhaps, be now worth our while to say anything about this artist, whose name was Louis François Philippe Drouet, and who, forty years ago, was a capital flautist, if a special fact did not render him deserving a slight degree of attention.

The fact is this: Drouet, it is asserted, was the real author of the music to the too famous romance, "Partant pour la Syrie," which the second Empire adopted in some sort as its "Marseillaise." There is no longer any doubt that this song, falsely attributed by Bonapartist tradition to Queen Hortense, was never written by her, at least as regards the music. Her right to be considered the composer of the latter was several times contested, and among the musicians to whom it was attributed, we may mention Dalvimare, the celebrated harpist, who was professor to the Empress Josephine, and a member of the Emperor Napoleon's private musical establishment. It was, I think, in Germany that Drouet's name was first pronounced in connection with this subject, and, at his death, one of our Brussels contemporaries, *Le Guide Musical*, published the following lines: "It is not generally known that Drouet was the father of the famous romance, 'Partant pour la Syrie.' Schiller's *Lexicon der Tonkunst* contains some very curious particulars respecting this portion of Drouet's life, particulars which, in his *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, Fétis thought fit to leave in obscurity." It is to Drouet himself, as the reader will shortly see, that we shall turn, for the purpose of learning these particulars, which are really exceedingly bizarre. But, first of all, it will not be useless to state who Drouet was.

The son of a French barber, residing at Amsterdam, and married to a Dutch woman, Drouet was born in that city in 1792. A musician who used to get shaved in the father's shop, and had taken a liking to the boy on account of the latter's pleasing manners and intelligence, one day made him a present of a flute, and began teaching him to play it. The boy was scarcely four years old, but he exhibited such willingness and such natural aptitude, that the artist undertook his musical education. Young Drouet made rapid progress, and became in a short time an excellent flautist. Being subsequently taken by his parents to Paris, he entered the Conservatory for the purpose of improving himself, while he studied composition with Méhul and Reicha. In a notice now before me, it is stated that he was, at that period, in the service of Queen Hortense, as musical secretary. To this there is added—I do not know whether maliciously or not—"he was then twenty, and one of the handsomest young fellows in Paris." The fact may be correct, but it is certain that the relations—at least, the musical relations—between Drouet and the young Queen had already lasted some time, and had been commenced in Holland. About 1813, Drouet began playing at concerts, and achieved a high reputation. After the restoration, he was appointed a member of the chamber-music of Louis XVIII. as first flautist. But he soon left France for London, where he obtained many triumphs. The reception with which he met having induced him to settle in that capital, he founded there a manufactory of flutes on a new model. But the enterprise did not succeed, and in 1818 he was compelled to leave England. He returned to Holland; filled for a year the post of orchestral conductor at the French Theatre at the Hague; and then wandered over nearly all Europe, giving concerts. In this way he visited successively Russia, every part of Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. He manifested more especially, it appears, great talent for the execution of classical compositions, and commanded attention by the beauty of the tone he elicited from his instrument, for his deep feeling, the purity of his style, and his mode of phrasing.

Like many other artists, Drouet was of a wandering disposition. Having returned to France in 1828, he paid, the year following, another, though brief, visit to England. He then returned to Germany, by way of Belgium and Holland, went a third time to Paris, in 1832, and married there. He next took up his residence in Switzerland, apparently for good. In 1840,

however, he went as chapel-master to the Court of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and retained his post for more than 15 years. He remained some few years longer in Germany, till at last he settled definitely in Switzerland, where he died. He wrote many compositions for the flute, as well as a method for that instrument, the method being published with a French and German text. He composed concertos, duets, and trios for the flute, duets for flute and piano, fantasias and variations with orchestral accompaniments, and a large number of genre pieces; in a word, he was a most able and skilful artist, who had his hour of semi-celebrity, and whose triumphs in Europe were noisy and prolonged. With regard to Queen Hortense, she is known to have exhibited musical pretensions, even though she may not have possessed musical aptitude; she is said to have sung with much grace, and she published under her own name numerous romances, of which she was supposed to have written both words and music. Fétis, who consecrated to her an article in his *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, has written the following lines respecting her: "Plantade was Queen Hortense's singing-master when she was at Mad. Campan's school; what Her Majesty gained more especially from her lessons was a great capability of singing romances. Being endowed with a happy melodious instinct, she composed several pieces of this kind, among which is the one beginning with the words: 'Partant pour la Syrie.' This romance, which enjoyed a great vogue about 1810, again became popular in France after 1852."

"Partant pour la Syrie," which evidently owes its celebrity solely to the name of its real or presumed author, for it is a commonplace melody and a very mediocre literary composition, was not written in France, but in Holland. I said I should go to Drouet himself to obtain particulars on this head, and so I will. Drouet published, a few years ago, in a German paper, some fragments of his own *Memoirs*. I do not possess a copy of this paper, but I do possess three numbers of a Chicago class paper, *The Musical Independent* (for November and December, 1872, and January, 1873) in which there is an English translation of so much of the *Memoirs* as refers to "Partant pour la Syrie." I shall avail myself of this translation for the facts mentioned by Drouet with regard to the romance, and for the history of its long and laborious gestation.

As we know, Queen Hortense, who lived on bad terms with her husband, King Louis, spent most of her time in Paris, and rarely went to Holland. During the brief visits which, from time to time, she made at the Dutch Court, her favourite amusement was endeavouring to set to music verses which she usually wrote herself. "Being"—says Drouet—"absolutely ignorant of the rules of composition and of notation, she followed in what she did her own caprice, and tried to find her melodies by humming and quavering away whatever struck her; but, as she was unable to transcribe correctly the melodies thus found, she one day sent for me, to put her ideas on paper, and give them a somewhat presentable form. It was in 1807 that I first received the order to wait upon her Majesty in her private apartments. I was then only fifteen, and spoke my mind freely, like a true Dutchman. The Queen showed me some verses, which I here transcribe, written by herself:—

'Partant pour la Syrie,
Le jeune et beau Dunois
(Rrr-ra ta plan !)
Venant prier Marie
De bénir ses exploits.

Faites, reine immortelle,
Lui dit-il, en partant.
Qu'aimé de la plus belle
Je sois le plus vaillant
(Rrr-ra ta plan !)

"The Queen was seated at a table, and, by singing over certain notes, would fain have hit upon a melody adapted to the above words. While thus occupied, she kept eating sweetmeats, and arranging a pack of cards in a particular manner. What I had to do was to put together a romance or a ballad with the few notes she had sung, or, rather, myself to compose a melody, working in the fragments contributed by the Queen. In this fashion was born the well-known air: 'Partant pour la Syrie.' Had the work been published as the production of a boy of 15, it would have remained unnoticed, but, emanating from Queen Hortense, it was quickly in request, and everyone wanted to have it."

What follows is rather delicate, but the reader must not forget

that this is a simple quotation, and that it is Drouet who is speaking:—

"As I had heard many pretty and alluring stories about the Queen, I felt quite at home in her presence. Scarcely had I finished noting down the melody, before I was bold enough to say: 'Are you a sorceress, Madam, that you read the cards? As I have noted down the air you could not write, will you not return the service by telling me my fortune?' At these words, the Queen, knitting her brows, stood an instant, lost in thought, and looking at me haughtily. I met her look without concern, being then ignorant what etiquette requires of a simple mortal, namely, not to speak save with downcast eyes to crowned heads, and to restrict himself to replying without ever putting a question.

"After a little, the Queen said to me, smiling: 'Well, my son, I will satisfy you. Sit down, and mark well what I tell you; only mind you do not repeat to anyone, and least of all to the members of your own family, a word of what I say, because that would irritate the Fates, and the exact reverse of what I predicted would befall you.' The Queen then assumed a serious air and began shuffling the cards. Presently her face brightened and she prophesied for me a most happy future; she omitted, however, to foretell what would befall me a moment afterwards, namely, that I should burn my hands in the endeavour to rescue her from the flames.

"While she was speaking, a lighted candle which she had used to seal a letter to Admiral V . . . , fell upon her clothes, and they instantly caught fire. I flung myself at her feet, and, clasping her tightly, put out the flames, but not without burning myself severely. 'Poor boy, how you have burnt yourself to save me! But for you, I should have been lost; I should have been burnt alive. Yet I dare not even mention it, as no one must know that I have written and sealed a letter.'

"Commiserating me in this manner, she took hold of my hands, blowing on them, and rubbing them with cold cream. Having again bade me say nothing about the accident, she added:

"But how will you manage if you have to play to-morrow before the King, and you have promised, also, to take part, the day after to-morrow, in Rodé's Concert. How can you use your fingers, now they are so terribly burnt?"

"Do not be uneasy, your Majesty," I replied, 'I will obey you, and not speak to anyone about the accident. I will send to Court to say that an abscess on one of my fingers renders it impossible for me to play; moreover, I will cough, like a person in consumption, and the King who always asserts I play the flute too much, that I eat too little, that I am as dry and yellow as a mummy, and that I have only a year to live, will say that I am seriously ill. He will, as usual, send me a box of lozenges, a bag of barley-sugar, and a bottle of Madeira. I will give the lozenges to the maids; the children will eat the barley-sugar; and my father will do justice to the Madeira. In a week, the burns will be cured, and I shall be able to play at Court. The King will enquire whether I have eaten the lozenges and swallowed a spoonful of Madeira every morning. I shall reply in the affirmative, and his Majesty will believe once more that he has saved my life. But,' I added, 'I thought Madam, that, at all times and in all things, people ought to begin from the beginning. Am I wrong?'

"Certainly not," replied the Queen. 'People ought always to begin from the beginning. But what is the meaning of this strange question?'

"Why, then, when you so courteously told me my fortune, did not your Majesty foretell the accident which happened to me?" The Queen blushed with a certain amount of embarrassment, and then replied: 'Well, you must know that it is possible to foretell only what the cards say, and you cut too high. You ought not to do so; you ought to cut more in the middle. However, the cards came from Brussels, where people can make nothing but lace; I will send for others from Paris, and will teach you how you ought to cut, and how you ought to think.'

(To be continued.)

PERUGIA.—*Aida* has been performed here with extraordinary success. The principal parts were confided to Signore Waldmann, Pozzoni, Signori Moriani, Anastasi, Barberat, and Viviani.

GIOVANNI CARLO CONCIALINI.*

(Concluded from page, 538.)

Dittesdorf gives us in his *Autobiography* a striking picture of the state of things in his time. He visited Berlin in 1789, and witnessed from Mad. Rietz's box a performance of Naumann's *Medea*. It lasted no less than six hours, and, for the last two, was so dull and tiresome, that it was misery to have to sit it out. A particularly sorry personage, he informs us, was the dragon, who guarded the Golden Fleece. Concialini, moreover, who played Jason, was stupid enough to strike the wretched brute, whom he had to vanquish, with the flat of his sword upon its belly, which was made of pasteboard, and sounded ridiculous. "My disgust was so great," remarks Dittesdorf, "that I forgot myself and exclaimed: 'Faugh!' Mad. Rietz looked round and said in broken German! 'Oh! I dink dis acseon ees vary nasty! I sall tell to Concialini to-morrow how an art-judge of importance has made de observation, and I answer to you dat he shall change dis acseon certainlee; for he is my house-friend, and take willeng good counsels of me."

The system of castrati, represented by Concialini and his pupil Tombolini, received a rude shock when Ludwig Fischer was engaged in 1789, and the public at last had an opportunity of hearing a really good male singer in the person of this celebrated colossal bass, who could go down with a full even tone to the counter D. While, from time to time, important acquisitions, such as the vocalists Marchetto-Fantozzi and Rubinacci, and the conductor Vicenzo Righini, instead of Reichardt, who lived mostly elsewhere, and the incompetent Felice Alessandri, were made for Italian opera, the German national theatre was advancing visibly, thanks especially to the activity displayed by its *Capellmeister*, Bernhard Anselm Weber. Slowly, indeed, but one by one, did the various barriers fall which separated the two institutions, and the advantage of an amalgamation struck everyone more and more clearly.

The campaigns on the Rhine had rendered the King rather indifferent about his Italian Opera. The continual misunderstandings between its members and those of the German company became intolerable to him. He began to see that a grand operatic company might be maintained with German singers at a far less cost, and, though he did not in consequence give up his Italian company, he supported in every way the efforts of the national theatre.

The ingratitude, moreover, of Concialini, who had once been most unmistakably his favourite, proved highly prejudicial to the King's formerly pet institution.

Concialini had been distinguished by the King in every possible manner. He drew a salary of 4000 thalers; he had been presented with a handsome house in Charlottenburg, and every one, acknowledging in him the Court favourite, paid him homage. He was a regular visitor at the house of the all-powerful Countess Lichtenau, and had managed to render himself indispensable in directing her private concerts. Yes, he had succeeded admirably in securing his position, and knew how to make people respect it. At the same time, it must be confessed, in his favour, that, though proud and haughty, he was very far from displaying the arrogance and petulousness of other castrati, under whose immeasurable presumptions sovereigns themselves sometimes sighed. And yet the castrati had to be borne because they were absolutely indispensable. Thus Concialini was able to contemplate with tranquillity and unconcern the gradual decay of Italian opera.

But he was destined to be awoken from his security by a fearful thunderclap.

He was passionately fond of copperplate engravings and beautiful flowers. He spent upon these objects of his predilection all the surplus of his large income. This was no inconsiderable sum, for, though living very well, he was not extravagant.

As he was wandering among his flowers, feasting his eyes and nose on the rarest specimens purchased at enormous prices, he was not a little surprised to receive one day an express from his Majesty the King. He read it— but his blood threatened to come to a standstill in his veins, and he sank, as pale as a corpse, into a chair.

What he had read was, it is true, calculated to shake even the

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

strongest nerves. It was nothing more or less than a Royal order in due form to this effect: Trusty and Well-Beloved, having learnt with pleasure that you assist your poor relations in Sienna by making them an annual allowance of 600 thalers, I will, as a mark of my satisfaction, save you in future the expense and trouble of transmission, and have commanded that from the present moment 600 thalers a year shall be deducted from your salary and forwarded directly through my ambassador.

What was this? Was he being mocked and made fun of by demoniacal beings from the regions below?

For a long time did the singer sit there, while his brain whirled round and round like a mill-wheel. Suddenly, however, a thought flashed through his mind like lightning, and he struck his forehead furiously with his hand.

He recollected that, in order to touch the heart of his patroness, and to ingratiate himself still more with her, with an eye to her causing the Royal purse to be opened even more liberally than it was, should an opportunity present itself, he had informed the Countess Lichtenau that he had poor relations in Sienna, and that he had to forward them 600 thalers a year, as he was their sole support. The all-powerful Countess was, at that moment, in company with the lick-spittle, Filistri, travelling through Italy, and had, without a doubt, discovered, when at Sienna, that the devotion of her favourite was simply a lie.

And such was indeed the case. The Countess had really stopped at Sienna on her road, and suddenly recollected Concialini's poor relations, for whose support he gave 600 thalers a year. She found them out. They consisted of his mother who was still alive, and some brothers and sisters, poor people, living in the greatest poverty. Terrible to say, they accused their son and brother, respectively, in Berlin, of the blackest ingratitude, because he himself lived in splendour and luxury, throwing away thousands and thousands, while he had nothing left for those who had borne and brought him up, and who had paid the last coin they possessed for his education.

This was incredible, and the Countess turned with an astonished look to her travelling companion. But Filistri merely shrugged his shoulders with a sarcastically smiling expression of face. The Countess now enquired about the 600 thalers which Concialini, against whom such grave charges were made, sent to Sienna. This was very unfortunate. Letters were produced in which not only were the touching prayers of the poor people plumply refused in the harshest terms, but, unluckily, things were said of, and titles of honour given to, the Countess, which she probably heard and read for the first time.

"I will help you to obtain your yearly allowance of 600 thalers!" she said consolingly to the poor people, while her lips quivered with rage. She immediately wrote off to the King, merely informing him for the moment the result of her accidental visit to Sienna, as far as the 600 thalers were concerned. The Royal Order, which Concialini was crushing up in his hand, was the immediate consequence; he had correctly guessed the connection of events.

But there was something better to come.

The Countess Lichtenau returned to Berlin. Then, and not till then, the storm burst with all its force upon Concialini. That the news about the deduction of the 600 thalers for his poor relations in Sienna should be made public was something of which the enemies of the whilom favourite took very good care, immediately the Royal Order came in the hands of the treasurer, etc. But how surprised were the good Berliners, when, the very day after the arrival of the Countess, a report ran like wild-fire through the town that Concialini was pensioned off with 1,200 thalers, but that, notwithstanding this, the 600 thalers would continue to be deducted. What! Was an artist accustomed to all the comforts of life to be suddenly reduced from 4,000 to 600 thalers? Impossible! Yet so it was. The Countess had communicated the whole purport of the letters she had seen, and the King was deeply offended.

Everyone had previously paid court to the favourite, but now, of course, when he had fallen into disgrace, no one could find anything else for him but a cold shrug of the shoulder, sarcastic observations, or well-bred disregard. The indignant monarch, too, was inexorable; the most humble supplications of the penitent sinner were followed by no good result. The resolution to

pension him off and to deduct the 600 thalers was not shaken. He was, however, allowed to retain his little house property at Charlottenburg, and thither he withdrew to lead thenceforth a life of retirement.

Two years later the King died. When his successor, Friedrich Wilhelm II, discovered that it was only the Countess's vengeance which had played the singer so scurvy a trick, he raised his pension to 800 thalers. This was certainly a ray of sunshine, but, for all that, there was an end for ever to the singer's costly fancies.

Concialini died very suddenly, of apoplexy, on the 28th October, 1812, at Moscow, where he was staying on a visit to Count Pückler.—His voice is highly spoken of as full and strong, though, at the same time, supple and flexible, and perfectly equal throughout its very extensive compass. He is said to have had a profound feeling for what he sang, and, in the Adagio, to have equalled even Salimbeni. His inexhaustible breath is mentioned as particularly striking. All these are qualities highly desirable in the gentlemen or rather ladies who sing on the operatic stage at the present-day.

Concialini witnessed, therefore, the slow death struggle of Italian opera in Berlin; he was fated to behold, even before that year of misfortune, 1806, Italian operas entirely doubled by members of the German company, while in the year mentioned there was only a single Italian artist, Signora Marchetto-Fantozzi still left, all the other performers being German. Then came a general break-up. When, after the period of misfortune, the Operahouse was re-opened to the public, the latter entered a German theatre; Italian opera was entirely a thing of the Past.

CRICKET MATCH.

PLAYED AT LORD'S, BETWEEN ELEVEN OF BOOSEY & CO., AND ELEVEN OF CRAMER & CO., AUG. 22, 1874.

CRAMER & CO.

Wood, c Springhall, b Griffiths	0	Dowling, l b w, b Crampton	0
Hardy, b Springhall	1	Stevens, b Saunders	0
Mills, c Daley, b Springhall	0	Rowe, b Griffiths	0
hall	3	Bushell, c and b Springhall	0
Darville, b Crampton	11	Becket, b Springhall	0
Hayes, b Springhall	11	Byes 6, w b 5, n b 2	13
Stiles, not out	38	Total	77

BOOSEY & CO.

Lewis, b Hayes	18	Saunders, b Hardy	1
Gosling, b Hayes	19	Nicholl, b Hayes	12
Springhall, b Hardy	20	Daley, b Hardy	4
Griffiths, run out, b Hayes	0	Hatch, b Hayes	2
Crampton, not out	1	Byes 17, l-b 2, w-b 1	20
Richards, run out, b Hayes	0	Total	97
Tofts, b Hayes	0		

Umpires—Messrs Griffiths and Jones.

Scorers—Messrs Reed and Beeston.

N.B.—The match was agreed to be played in one innings, if a second could not be played out. This was the case. In Cramer's second innings there was some splendid batting by Messrs. Wood and Hayes.

FLORENCE.—A very disgraceful scene occurred lately at the Teatro Principe Umberto. It appears that the business had been bad, and that the actors and others had not, in consequence, received their salaries. On one particular evening, however, fortune was more propitious. The theatre was full, and the management were enabled to pay most of the arrears. The members of the orchestra alone received nothing. Discontented at this treatment, they rose from their places at the end of the second act of the opera, and left the theatre all together. The public were very quiet for a quarter of an hour. They then set to, clapping their hands, hissing, and shouting. Some one appeared on the stage, and began a speech with the usual words: "Owing to an unforeseen circumstance." The public would not allow him to get any further. They addressed him in highly uncomplimentary terms, and commenced flinging on the stage the cushions of the stalls and other seats. Respectable people made for the doors, and the ladies shrieked in affright. The rioters now proceeded to more shameful excesses. They flung over the wooden benches of the gallery and the fittings of the private boxes; they smashed the chandeliers, and destroyed the float. They next invaded the Café attached to the theatre. There they broke the cups, glasses, tables, chairs, etc. At length the arrival of a company of carabineers and a number of policemen put an end to their vagaries.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The concert at St Omer, which I announced to take place in my last, came off on Wednesday, August 12th. M. Ketten was in excellent voice, and obtained a hearty encore for Reichardt's "Reste, Reste!" (in English, "Stay with me, my darling, stay!") M. Martel a talented "violoncelliste du Theatre de l'Opéra Comique," and a member of the orchestra at the Theatre here, was recalled for his performances of a Fantasia on *La Favorita* and a "Nocturne." Altogether the concert was a success.

La Fille de Mme Angot has been played three times during the last fortnight at our Theatre, and drew crowded houses each night. It is strange how this *opéra-comique* always commands a large audience! I will relate you an anecdote to show you how well the music is known. Yesterday I was passing down the Rue de Boston, when I heard, as I thought, somebody singing the *réfrain* from *Amaranthe*'s song in the first act. I turned round to look for the artist, when, from a first-floor window, with his head coquettishly drawn on one side, was a parrot, who, when he saw me, recommenced "Pas bégueule, Fort en geule," and finished with a crow like a cock. An *opéra-comique* in two acts written on airs from *Mme Angot* is in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced here. It is a continuation of the *Fille de Mme Angot*, and is entitled *Mme Pomponnet*.

A new tenor, M. Tournié, from Antwerp, made his *début* on the 15th in *Robert le Diable*. He has sung since in *La Juive* and also in Ambroise Thomas's *Le songe d'une nuit d'été*. He acts well, sings with taste, and his voice, especially the upper register, is good. In the second act he was ably supported by Mme Vinay, who seems now to be more at home at Boulogne, and consequently sings with more effect.

To record the repetition of *Faust* and *Les Cent Vierges*, completes my theatrical news. *La Fille de Mme Angot* to-morrow, and *Les Huguenots* is in rehearsal.

On Saturday, the 15th, there was a grand musical festival in honour of the Society of "Orpheons d'Amiens." The concert, though rather long, was a success. Another and more important concert took place at the Etablissement on Monday, the 24th. It was given by Mdle Anna de Belocca, "prima donna du Theatre Italien de Paris, avec le concours de Mdle Boulanger, et M. Devillier—tenor du Theatre Italien de Paris" (a native of Boulogne, of whom I wrote to you last year). Mdle Belocca, who sang five of eleven *morceaux* of the programme, elicited much applause from the audience. She was recalled several times, and after her naive rendering of Mme Willey de Rothschild's romance, "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire," sang "Home, sweet home" in very good English. Besides the above Mdle Belocca gave with great expression "Connais tu le pays" (*Mignon*). Best of all, however, was her rendering of the well-known Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mdle Boulanger, the young violinist, executed an arrangement by Alard, of airs from *La Traviata*, in a perfect manner.

M. Devillier naturally felt diffident in singing before his concitoyens; and I must add that in these Republican days, when all are "concitoyens," he might have been better received—or even encouraged by some of the inhabitants of Boulogne. I heard whisperings and laughing going on around me, and actually saw one lady stop her ears when he sang. The Boulognaises who get rich, after beginning by begging their bread, are the most "proud set of mean people" I ever met with! M. Devillier was very nervous, but I do not think he met with a fair hearing. His upper notes are especially good.

On Sunday last we hardly knew where to turn to get through the various amusements. At the Cathedral—a Mass by Weber, with full band, organ, etc., at 9 a.m.; a reception of the "Société Française pour l'avancement des sciences pour boire le vin d'honneur" (i.e., champagne), at 10 a.m. They have their meeting this year at Lille, and pitched upon Boulogne as their first place to visit *en route*. At 4 p.m. the grand procession of all the parishes and societies (accompanied by two bishops, Amiens and Arras), consisting of many gaily dressed pilgrims, etc., to the shrine of Notre Dame de Boulogne, took nearly an hour to pass my house.

Eugénie Bénard, of whom I took notice in your columns last year, and who afterwards played at Rivière's concerts in the

autumn, at Covent Garden, is now here, and has been delighting the audiences at the Etablissement by her performances on the piano. On Wednesday last, at a *matinée musicale*, she played Ascher's romance, "Alice," and the same composer's "La Cascade de Roses."

Saturday last was a "Children's Banquet and Ball," during which Mdle Bénard appeared surrounded by little children in a nest of flowers formed in the shape of an egg. The enormous egg was "uncracked" until the middle of the supper, and no one knew whence came certain "strains so charming." When the egg at last was broken (in other words, when the cover was removed) Mdle Bénard and her little companions, piano included, were discerned, Mdle Bénard playing "Home, Sweet Home." You may imagine the effect produced and how great was the applause. S. C.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, August 26th.

MUSIC AT MILAN.

(From a Correspondent.)

There is still very little doing here in the way of music, but, ere long, there will be a great change; the Scala, the Teatro Manzoni, the new Politeama, the Carcano, and the Santa Radegonda, will fling open their doors, and once more compete for the patronage of the public. All these theatres are being more or less re-painted and re-decorated. At the Scala, the rehearsals of *Salvator Rosa*, the new opera by Sig. Gomez, and of *Estella*, a ballet by M. Monplaisir, are in full activity. The following is the cast of the opera: Isabella, Signora Wizjak; Gennariello, Signora Celia Blenio; Salvator Rosa, Sig. D'Avanzo; Masaniello, Sig. Parboni; Il Duca d'Arcos, Sig. Bagagiolo; and Il Conte di Badajoz, Sig. Manfredi. *Salvator Rosa* is to be followed by Sig. Canepa's new work, *I Pezzenti*. The third opera will probably be Glinka's *Life for the Czar*. Besides the artists already named who are to appear in *Salvator Rosa*, the following are also engaged at the same theatre: Mad. Menschikoff, Signora Mantilla, Macvitz, Signori D'Antoni, Fagotti, and Banchi.

Respecting the visit of Sir Julius Benedict, a short time since, to the Conservatory of Music, a visit duly recorded in last week's number of the *Musical World*, the *Corriere di Milano* of the 15th inst. says:—"The six pieces in the programme were admirably executed. The pupils taking part in the performance received, from time to time, words of commendation and encouragement from the illustrious artist, who, at the conclusion of the Overture composed by the pupil Giarda, which wound up the entertainment, said that, before leaving, he desired to express to all present his gratitude for the cordial welcome he had received, and his sincere admiration for the praiseworthy execution of the pieces he had heard. He added that the zeal with which musical art was cultivated in Milan, and the progress it was making, resulted chiefly from the wise arrangements of the Conservatory, and from the solid instruction given in that establishment, which, on that account, is so highly esteemed among other institutions of a similar kind. He praised the system of alternating with the study of the great Italian masters the study of the most celebrated masters belonging to the German school, without, on that account, repudiating the glorious ancient traditions of Italian genius, or modifying its peculiar and original character. Turning to the pupils, he congratulated them on the gratifying proofs they had given of their capabilities. As a veteran in art, he advised them to be assiduous and persevering in their studies, as it was only by incessant exertions that a high goal was to be attained; he added that to stop was to retrograde; that art is long and difficult, but quite as rich in inestimable treasures, which it liberally bestows on those who cultivate it with love and respect. He reminded his hearers that Italy was the cradle of art, and, very properly, expected from her children that devout and erudite worship which is calculated to maintain musical proficiency at the same high point which it had reached through the efforts of so many most eminent Italian masters. The pupils replied enthusiastically to these words by renewed applause. The illustrious visitor next pronounced a special eulogium on the Director and the body of professors. He then took his leave, repeating that he was exceedingly delighted at having had personal evidence of the admirable fruits resulting from the system of instruction pursued in the Conservatory."

MUSIC AT SAN FRANCISCO.

(From our own Correspondent.)

My report in the *Musical World* of doings in San Francisco to the 6th June, and other items, I received on the 29th July. I must now again give you all accounts of amusements as otherwise in this City of Gold. Miss Helendi Potter, the lady elocutionist, spoke this week from scenes, *As You Like It*, à la Scott Siddons, personating of living orators, and in costume, and met with great success, and Pacific Hall full. Gilder's Popular Concerts continue with crowded houses. The Silver Coins Quartet was much applauded; they played Abt's favourite, "When the swallows homeward fly." A Benefit at Maguire's Theatre in aid of the French Opera company, lately arrived from Lima Peru, the *prima donna* having died since their arrival here, as well as others of the Company, and putting the rest in a deplorable situation, realised from 800 to 1000 dollars. The Spanish *Troupe* was well attended; assisted, with pupils of Professor Speranzi, at a concert; attracted a very crowded house at Maguire's new theatre. Sothern has left for old England; he refused to accept the amount offered to go to Australia, being less than his terms proposed. *On dit* he is going to take the management of some theatre in London. Mdlle Marie Aimée gave a benefit concert for her compatriots, assisted by Pietro Bacceti, Mdlle Franzini, Signor Marra, &c. All volunteered their services. Franzini sang an *aria* from *Barbiere* in excellent style. She is particularly good in the upper notes, full and round. Concluded with Offenbach's operetta, *Litschen und Fritschen*. They were all well received, and crowded house. Sunday Popular Concerts, Union Hall, third series. Hall crowded. Gallery and boxes filled. The concert commenced with a solo on the French horn by E. Schlotte, followed by a cavatina from the *Bohemian Girl* by Signor E. Bianchi. Miss Minnie Reinhart, Madame Bianchi, Signor Rigo, Miss F. Marston, Miss Minnie Brearly, and others, took part. All gave general satisfaction. A great number of musicians left New York to take up their residence in Boston, the latter to be most favourable for the pursuit of their profession, among which is the renowned violoncello player, Rudolph Randegger. *On dit*, Theodore Thomas will visit London with his orchestra. The Marionettes that have been in London some time ago are here, and are doing an immense business. The prior owner, Bullock, sold the said to a person by name Macdonald. At Pacific Hall last Thursday, the 30th ult., Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was performed, with Madame Bianchi, Mdlle Franzini, and Miss Brearly in the leading female parts. Signori Marra, Bianchi, and Rigo were the chief characters. Madame Bianchi met with great success and merited applause. Her beautiful rendition of Amelia was the gem of the opera. Madame Bianchi is faultless as a singer. Signor Marra gained an encore for "Eri tu," and Miss Brearly did full justice as the Page. Signor Rigo sang remarkably well last night. The house was but limited. There is no doubt should a well-trained Opera company arrive here, I am certain, of doing well. The Aimée *troupe* was very successful, and made money.

VAN PRAAG.

August 1st, 1874.

Court News.

Said Lady May, Who felt quite gay, "I don't know what to do to-day, I'd ride in Park If I weren't so dark. Forthat you know's my simple way."	My love's forlorn— "Why was I born? My only hope's in heavy wet." And so these three, Went on the spree, Each one alone, alone was she. And what was done, I know for one, For I was in each place to see. But I'll not split; No, not a bit. That each one went and took a fit, Then softly cried "Ah me," and died. No, I'll not tell. For I'm a ***
Said Lady Sue, Who angry grew, "I'm not a-going to stay with you. It's not polite To say black's white; I'd rather have some Irish stew."	Fun.
Said Lady Bet, "I scorn your threat. Why was it that we ever met? Earlswood, April 19."	

MR PATON'S DE STENDHAL.*

"Who was Henri Beyle?" is a question which the author of the present work says he often heard asked by people who would have been offended had they been supposed to belong to the non-literary class. This is very true, indeed, but not a few Frenchmen, as well as English, might have put the query, Beyle being comparatively as unknown to his own countrymen as to foreigners. We congratulate Mr Paton on having undertaken to throw light on the meanders of one of the most complex geniuses of the age with an amount of conscientious zeal rarely exhibited in studies of the kind. To all those who are not aware that Henri Beyle, novelist nearly equal to Balzac, psychologist of the keenest penetration, artist equal to any, doted—every great man has his own pet mania—on mysterious pseudonyms and mystification, the obscurity that still clings to his name full forty-five years after his demise might seem unexplainable. De Stendhal was the habitual *nom de plume* which veiled the authorship of Beyle's later works; but before abiding by a definite appellation—which after all, was not his own—he had written under various disguises, one of them being "César Bombet." Mr Paton furnishes a curious instance of the ignorance still prevailing among the most distinguished as to the authorship of some of Beyle's productions. In the "Descent of Man," Mr Darwin quotes from "Bombet's Lives of Haydn, Mozart, and Metastasio," apparently ignoring that Bombet and Beyle are one and the same. Howbeit, Beyle is still known to his own countrymen as De Stendhal, and goes under that name, M. Taine, his great admirer, being one of those who call him so. There may be other reasons that explain how Henri Beyle's contemporaries and successors failed to award him a due amount of admiration. He lived the life of an epicurean, seldom courted success and publicity, and introduced in his appeals to public attention an amount of reticence and proud timidity which stood but a poor chance beside the obtruding eagerness of other men of letters. Henry Beyle was a contemporary of Byron, Shelley, Walter Scott, Monti, and Manzoni; and, English and Italian scholar as he was, he entertained admiration for each of these men of genius. The fortunes of Napoleon I. led Beyle, then a young commissaire in the Imperial armies, to well-nigh every country in Europe; but Italy, where he resided for twelve years, was the land of his dreams, aspirations, and desires. It was at Milan that he encountered Byron and Shelley; with both, Beyle, a sceptic not easily moved to admiration, was very much struck; and on the other hand, a letter addressed by Byron to Beyle shows that his regard was reciprocated. No doubt Byron must have submitted, like others, to the fascination of Beyle's speech and exquisite judgment of artistic and literary matters; though we doubt whether the poet can have understood the bias of his genius. In religion, Henri Beyle was a free-thinker, in political creed an Imperialist; but although not a word in his works contradicts his moral bent, there is every reason to believe that Napoleonism was nought but his conventional creed. At the age of thirty-eight he published a life of Rossini, for whose genius he professed the highest regard, and then wrote an admirable "History of Paintings in Italy," which, it is curious to remark, met with more appreciation here than in France; the *Edinburgh Review* being the warmest in its praise. Some, and Mr Paton among them, ascribe the first place in Stendhal's literary baggage to his treatise "On Love." It is a wonderful and unsurpassed work, no doubt; but what it contains, and more, is to be discovered in those magnificent novels of his, "Le Rouge et le Noir," and "La Chartreuse de Parme." Before such masterpieces, modern novelists can do what Balzac did at the time of their publication, bow, and admire. The great Balzac himself proclaimed "La Chartreuse" the finest romance ever written; and the writer of "La Comédie Humaine" so seldom commended that such a judgment must have been sincere. Beyle was so imprudent as not to provide for the exigencies of mature life, and, like all sceptical bachelors, he died a prey to spleen—the malady of those who, according to circumstances, have observed too much or too little. It should be mentioned that Mr Paton's excellent biography contains many original papers communicated by the surviving members of Beyle's family; and the completeness of the treatment makes of the present volume the most noticeable that has hitherto been written on the same subject.

CAMILLE BARRÈRE.

THE Eisteddfod at Rhayader (Radnorshire) inaugurated on Thursday, last week, brought together about 5,000 persons. The Eisteddfod was held in a marquee erected on the banks of the Wye. Mr Banks, High Sheriff of the county, presided, and Mr Brinley Richards opened the proceedings by briefly alluding to the progress of music in Wales, and to the time, which he hoped would soon come, when Welsh church music would be the finest in Europe. The competitions were chiefly among the brass bands of the Principality.

* *Henry Beyle (otherwise De Stendhal)*; a Critical and Biographical Study. By Andrew Archibald Paton. Trübner and Co.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1874.

WE most of us know what a relief it is, after the wear and tear of ten or eleven months' hard work, to escape from the din, the worry, and the smoke of London, and seek repose at one of the numerous watering-places, from Scarborough in the north to Ilfracombe in the south, which contend for the favour of our visit. How delicious is the consciousness that we have at length a holiday; that—making due allowance, of course, for the authority of our wives, if we happen to be married—we are, for a time, our own masters; how pleasant to sit or lie lazily on the sands in a sort of dreamy trance, while, all unheeded, children dig holes, young ladies, fresh from the bathing-machines, exhibit their back hair, nurserymaids make love, organs grind, and even sham nigger vocalists howl forth their pseudo-Ethiopian melodies around; while a few fleecy clouds float between us and the blue expanse of sky,

Placidumque fluctu murmurat leni mare.

He who would wilfully and rudely rouse a fellow-creature from such a state of passive happiness, or, speaking still more generally, in any way mar the pleasure of his well-earned annual outing, is not a man but a monster. As far as we ourselves—the initials N. V. N., namely—are concerned, we could not be guilty of so atrocious an act of unkindness on any consideration; no, not for the world, as the saying is. We are not speaking at random, but from absolute experience. Last week, we stumbled across an acquaintance stretched on the shingle, amid a heap of infantine and maternal humanity, under the new pier at Brighton. He was not a friend; we knew he had lately played us a scurvy trick. But he was out for his holiday. We told him that the pitch which, melted by the heat of the sun, was slowly but surely falling upon his coat was rather difficult to remove from cloth, and, when he enquired whether we could recommend him something light to read, we sternly repressed the exultant feeling of gratified revenge which leaped up madly in our breast, and we refrained—yes: we experience a justifiable and honest pride in recording the fact—we refrained from recommending the book to which he languidly pointed and which we carried under our arm. Though he had behaved meanly towards us, we were not cruel enough to spoil his holiday by advising him to peruse the work in question. By the way, it was one lately published by Herr Ludwig Nohl. It is entitled: *Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner. Ein Bild der Kunstbewegung unseres Jahrhunderts.* (Beethoven, Liszt, and Wagner. A Picture of the Art-Movement of the Present Century.) It is published by Herr Braumüller, of Vienna. It bears date, 1874. It contains 277 pages, and can be obtained for the apparently modest, but really exorbitant, price of 8 groschens. We would not, we repeat, recommend him the book. Nay, we felt such pity at the misery to which we might have subjected him, that our heart relented. We helped him to rise from his recumbent position, we aided him in detaching the pitch from his clothes—and hair—and bade him avoid Herr Nohl, at least during his sojourn at the sea-coast.

Herr Nohl's book is, indeed, a hard nut to crack, and the worst of the matter is that, when the operation of cracking has been performed, the nut itself is exceedingly indigestible, and suited to the palate of those only who entertain opinions to the full as fanatical as the author himself. As for the style, it is so turgid and unintelligible that any person not properly case-hardened by a perusal of the productions due to the pen of the great Wagner himself, would probably lay down the work in despair, with a strong misgiving that it was a cross between a misty transcendental metaphysical treatise and a monster mystification. To adduce a specimen or two from a part we have just been reading, the part relating to the Abbate Franz Liszt, what does Herr Nohl mean by saying that, in the *Graner Messe*, the Hungarian *Kronungsmesse*, a *Missa choralis*, a *Mass* and a *Requiem for Male Voices*, but, above all, in the *Legende der heiligen Elisabeth*, and the oratorio of *Christus*, the Abbate Franz Liszt has opened up a completely new kind of that so highly important element, rhythm, a kind as distant from the "choking" movement of earlier choral music, especially that of Handel and Mendelssohn, as are the poles from each other—or, indeed, rather more distant, since *himmeleweit*, as "distant as the heavens," is the original term employed. But this is not all. The celebrated Abbate, we are informed, "plans the whole of his composition according to the logos of the given subject, but in such a manner that the melos expresses the real logos of the thing, on the principle that characteristically expressive melodies are the first requisites of creation and the fundamental condition of effectiveness." Elsewhere we read that the same gifted creature in his *Symphonische Dichtungen*, taking the foundation given us by Beethoven in his Symphonies, "has extended and conducted it to new creation and intellectually free forms," and then we come upon the oracular announcement that: "What even with Beethoven was still a half-united presentiment of the life-kernel, became in this man Liszt a suprisingly clear perception." We wish to goodness "this man Liszt" would favour us with a little of the said "surprisingly clear perception," for what on earth the meaning of the above is; what "a half-united presentiment of the life-kernel" signifies, we are not prepared to say. But then we were never a good hand at conundrums and such like.

A due regard for truth compels us to admit that sometimes we understand Herr Nohl, but, when we do understand him, we generally disagree with him. Thus, when he says that the Abbate Franz Liszt is "the founder of a style of religious music for our day," we say that he is not, and that "our day" has had enough of such music, and desires no more of it; we, also, deny that the far-famed Abbate is to be classed "in the ranks of immortally creative geniuses." In one assertion, however, we are of the same opinion as our author; we think that the ecclesiastical *virtuoso* is, in the character of a composer, "as yet appreciated only in a limited sphere." We will even go further and state our conviction that he will never be appreciated beyond it.

Here we must stop for to-day. We will add only a few words. If ever a man had reason to exclaim: Deliver me from my friends, it is the Abbate Franz Liszt. One friend, Pio Nono, after designating him his "faithful son and his Palestrina," called him a "Merry Andrew" ("Burattino"), and now another writes about him in such a way that some of the ridicule incurred by the friend will certainly bespatter the subject of the friend's extravagant eulogies.

N. V. N.

BOLOGNA.—Sig. Bottesini is reported to have accepted the post of Director of the Liceo Musicale.

BELLINI AND NORMA.*

(Letter from Bellini.)

MY DEAR UNCLE,—Despite an opposition party, which is formidable because got up by a powerful person and a wealthy person, my *Norma* has done wonders, and more yesterday evening at the second performance than at the first. The *Giornale Ufficiale* of Milan reported yesterday that it was a complete failure, because on the first night, while the just part of the audience applauded, the adverse faction hissed, and because the powerful person in question is master and can make the paper write as he pleases. The powerful person does so, because he is a most bitter enemy of Pasta, and the rich one because he is a lover of P—, and therefore my enemy; yesterday evening, however, the opera was even better liked than on the first occasion, the theatre being crammed, the true sign of success; and it was the opera alone which attracted such a crowd, as the two ballets had turned out horrible failures.

On the first night, a deep impression was produced by the introduction, Pollio's first air, and Pasta's; the duet between Pollio and Adalgisa did not please, and never will, for it does not please even me; the duet commencing the final trio pleased greatly, but the trio, not being well executed by the singers, because they were tired (having in the morning rehearsed all the second act, etc.) was not well received; for this reason the first act finished without anyone's being applauded and called on. In the second act, with the exception of a chorus which, though successful, did not please very much, everything proved so extraordinarily effective that the opposition was thoroughly overthrown, and incapable of in any way recovering from the blow. I was obliged to appear on the stage as many as four times, alone and with the singers.

Yesterday evening, when the singers gave the trio better, I was called on also for the first act; while the second was more successful than it had been the first night, so that my triumph was decisive, and people absolutely hope that the opera which will close the Carnival will be the persecuted *Norma*.

Pasta is divine; let this expression suffice for you to form an idea how she performs her part vocally and dramatically; Donzelli does very well, and sings extremely well, but as yet does not know much of his part; Giulietta Grisi, as Adalgisa, though naturally rather cold, gets on pretty well; the choruses are extraordinarily good.

The public greets the journalist with imprecations, my friends dance with joy; I am most satisfied and doubly contented, because I have vanquished so many of my vile and powerful enemies.

Next week, I shall perhaps leave Milan and proceed to Naples, whence, as soon as the weather is milder, I shall start to embrace all my family, relations, and friends. I will then forward you some pieces from *Norma*, directly they are printed in Milan.

My health is good, though I am rather exhausted. I will write and inform you how the opera goes on the other evenings. Give all this news to my family, friends, and relations, but do not let anyone read the letter, since it is not very delicate for me to sound my own praises. I embrace you and trust to retain your goodwill. Your most affectionate

VINCENTO.

Milan, 28th December, 1831.

Sig. Vincenzo Ferliti—Catania.

TRIESTE.—The autumn season will be inaugurated with *Salvatore Rosa*, by Sig. Gomez. The second opera on the list is Verdi's *Macbeth*.

RIO JANEIRO.—Mad. Ristori has opened very successfully, and her success seems to be on the increase, seeing that the average receipts for each of the first seven performances were 12,000 francs, while they reached 17,000 on each of the following nights.

* This "confidential autobiographic account" of the second performance of *Norma* is taken from *I Lunedì d'un Dilettante*.

† We say "he," in speaking both of the "powerful person" and the "rich person," because we suppose that both were men, but we cannot be quite sure. The Italian original runs as follows: " . . . un partito formidabile, a me contrario, perchè auscitato da una persona potente e da una ricchissima . . . e perchè la persona potente è padrona, e può ordinare che il giornale scriva come ad essa piace. La persona potente fa questo, perchè è nemica acerrima della Pasta, e la ricca perchè è l'amante di P . . . , e quindi mia nemica."—TRANSLATOR.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LORD MACAULAY, passing one day through Seven Dials, bought a handful of ballads from some street-singers, who were bawling them out to a gaping audience. Proceeding on his way home, he was astonished to find himself followed by half-a-score of urchins, their faces beaming with expectation. "Now, then, my lads, what is it?" said he.—"Oh! that's a good 'un," replied one of the boys, "after we've come all this way."—"But what are you waiting for?" asked the historian, astonished at the lad's familiarity.—"Waiting for? Why, a'n't you going to sing, guv'nor?"

POPULAR ITALIAN OPERA.—Signor H. L. Bellini has issued a circular, in which he states his intention to open a theatre, during the autumn and winter months, for the production of Italian opera "on a scale hitherto unattempted in this country." Meanwhile Signor Bellini asks for the signatures of fifty of the nobility, as patrons of his undertaking. We wish he may get them. It is the opinion of many amateurs who think seriously about the matter that we have already enough of Italian opera, and that, by way of change, an occasional modicum of English dramatic music could do no possible harm. We are of the same mind; but, as Signor Bellini promises full particulars in print "as soon as the list of patrons is completed," it is only fair to postpone any further observations we may have to make on the subject until the realization of that glad event. At the same time we would advise Signor Bellini not to promise overmuch. The phrase "on a scale never hitherto attempted in this country," reference to Italian opera being intended, sounds somewhat magniloquent, and is likelier to frighten away than to attract would-be supporters of the scheme. Moreover, how Signor Bellini intends to confer a definite signification upon the nomenclature he has adopted, is at present not easy to guess. "Popular Italian opera" may be translated in more ways than one. Time will show—that is, given the fifty solicited patrons.—*Graphic*.

WHEN the ballet of *Fantasia* was accepted for production in Vienna, M. Taglioni stated that, among the many animals he required, was a donkey. "Wisout se donk, not produce my ballet," said the good-natured ballet-master, in his broken German, which we have endeavoured to render by similarly lame English. The Management of the Imperial Operahouse promised he should have what he wanted, and sent an order to a Mechanician in London to make the long-eared actor in question, for whom, or for which, they engaged to pay a very heavy sum. Some months elapsed; the rehearsals of the ballet began; but there was no donkey. M. Taglioni's anxiety and embarrassment increased from day to day. At first he himself held, so to speak, the absentee's part, but he could not execute certain tricks indispensable to the due representation of his ballet, so that, at last, he was obliged reluctantly to say: "It is a necessary to break se repetitions; I sall begin again sem once more so soon se donk come here." The Management grew alarmed, and sent off to the Chief-Office of Customs, but the officials were highly indignant when the Messenger asked if there was a donkey there. Only a speedy explanation on his part prevented his errand being entirely a bootless one. He came away without any donkey, but also without personal injury of an insulting character. The Management now telegraphed to London, and the Mechanician at once telegraphed back: "Donkey despatched fortnight since. Must be at Customhouse. Package marked 777." Off went the Messenger to the Chief Office of Customs a second time. The package with the above number, but with the address defaced, was found, brought forward, and opened. Out sprang the Donkey as lively as a cricket. Off ran the Messenger, beaming with joy and streaming with perspiration, into the managerial sanctum. "Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Here I am back! Here's the donkey at last!"

DESCANTING on Hungarian Gipsy-music, Franz von Löher says: "The musical soul of Hungary speaks through the Gipseys. In my strolls about Kaschau, I met in a room opening into a narrow lane five Gipseys practising. Their chief had something like a sheet of music before him, and all five stood close together, each with half his body bent forward, and his head close to his instrument. Each repeated his part over and over again by ear, till it

harmonized with the other parts. It is thus that they may always be seen, when they are going to play anything of consequence, half bent double, as though absorbed in their instrument, and listening with an eager look, as though anxious to catch fleeting and unknown tones. The playing of the Gipseys, when they first came to Hungary, consisted, doubtless, of nothing but a mere rude jangle, like that of the Arabs. When, however, they had to play dances for the Magyars, the latter sang their old dance-tunes, and these simple but impassioned melodies penetrated into the music of the Gipseys, like its very life and soul. But as the Gipseys play everything by ear, and, as it were, begin by drawing every musical composition from their inward selves, fashioning it like some fluid mass, it is natural that the excitement of those around should be communicated to violin and cymbal. When the Gipseys themselves are flushed with wine and pleasure, when the wild cry of joy and the beat of many feet are heard about them, when the electric fire is almost visible on every side, they are like men possessed. Their passions all in a blaze are re-echoed in what they play; the waves of tone course and chase each other, and billow after billow topples over like foaming surge. But, on such occasions, the Gipseys, having no notes to guide him, plays all he knows—be it childish or absurd, be it madness or sorrowful despair—but over everything there still predominates the simple, vigorous, and primitive dance of the Magyars."

A LADY lately remarked to a well-known professor, whose services she had just engaged: "You will be pleased with my daughter as a pupil, I feel sure; she is exceedingly clever, and has such a nice heavy touch for sacred music."

"R. C.," "F. P.," AND "THE EARL."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—How illogical it is to indulge in personalities, and to orsake the subject-matter of a discussion! and yet how common a fallacy it is! It may argue an acquaintance with rhetorical figures; but logic, which helps us to arrive at truth, ought to, and usually does, take precedence of rhetoric, though this may be like a garden of flowers, while the other may be but as a barren common. Its very beauties, however, oft put us out of the right way to discover the thing of which we are in search. R. C., whatever his powers, musical or forensic, seems to take great pains to raise a false issue—the nobleman's generosity, which was not the disputed point; as well as to indulge in the rather favourite fallacy called the *argumentum ad hominem*, instead of *ad rem*. It is an ingenious fallacy of his, too, to mix up my name so frequently with that of the immortal ODGER; but it is almost too transparent. It won't do, Mr R. C.! Try again. Of these two—or three, I ought to say—faults, R. C. must stand convicted. As to what I may describe as the personal fallacy, or the *argumentum ad hominem*, if I, knowing myself to be a fool, were to be called a wise man, I should conclude, not that I was wise, but that he who thus predicated wisdom of me was himself not a wise man. When R. C., in one of his playful bits of satire (he can be very funny when he likes), pronounces me to be a "genius," he perhaps supposes that I am tearing my hair with indignation (the very few locks that are left). Nothing of the kind, Sir; *tout au contraire*. All I say is: "Don't you call me no names: I'm no more a *genius* nor you." I am the very opposite of such a *rara avis*. Now, I do not indulge in irony, but have I not some basis for thinking R. C. a *genius* of the genuine stamp? I put it to some of the learned big-wigs who peruse the *M. W.* These few-and-far-between individuals (geniuses) ignore rules of all kinds, and are as illogical as men can well be. Now this is just what R. C. is with respect to the question in this correspondence. Throughout he has missed the point entirely, and has discussed a question that had never been raised. Well, it has given him an opportunity of making a graphic—nay, an eloquent—statement; and I offer him my congratulations upon it. Thus I *throw words* at him. I must just ask him to read again my first letter, and he will see that the question I raised was a certain nobleman's comprehension of legislation; and I drew the hypothesis that if the nobleman displayed the same amount of *unreasonableness* concerning musical art, was the art likely to benefit? Nothing more. This is the question to which R. C. has not addressed himself. "Police regulations" and nobleman's patronage, so skillfully introduced, had nothing to do with it. Now I'm off, as trains, like time and tide, wait for no man, and I am anxious to see something of the Antwerp *Fêtes* of 1874.—Yours obediently,

F. P.

September 15.

[We can publish no more letters on this subject.—Ed. M. W.]

MR JOHN TOOLE.

(From the New York "Arcadian.")

If you can imagine a short, stumpy little man, with a very good-humored and ridiculously-comical face, a somewhat nervous, hasty manner, and a thumb, that seems perpetually on the point of digging you under the fifth rib, while its owner exclaims, "How are you, my boy?"—if you can imagine this, you can imagine John Toole, the kindest-natured, best-hearted fellow that ever crossed the herring-pond. As an actor, he has long ago won his laurels, and comes to this country in the full tide of his popularity, affording thereby a striking contrast to certain "played-out" wearers of the "buskin" who pay us periodical visits. Of late years Mr Toole has identified himself somewhat with burlesque and the representation of cockney characters, and there seems to be an impression abroad that such parts, however excellent in themselves, would scarcely be understood by an audience entirely ignorant of the types they represent. We can assure our readers that so great is Mr Toole's appreciation of the humorous, and so undoubted his power in low comedy, that he will be sure to win the favour of the public in whatever characters he undertakes. It is true that many ardent admirers of Mr Toole's talent have often urged him to attempt something higher in his art; but he prefers to play to the masses, and it must be confessed that he has thereby succeeded, not only in amassing a handsome competence, but in occupying the position of the favourite comedian of the great metropolis of England.

There are certain points about our worthy guest that we think will recommend him heartily to most of us. We allude to the blamelessness of his private life. Living quietly, but comfortably, in a beautiful suburb in the north of London, he passes such spare time as he can snatch from his labour surrounded by his family and a somewhat extensive circle of friends. Although he cannot be said to have received any out-of-the-way education, still Mr Toole acknowledges its value by deeming no sum too great if expended in the cultivation of his children's abilities. Among members of the profession he is deservedly popular, not merely because he is ever ready to assist a friend in distress, but because of his considerate conduct to all with whom he comes in contact. He is an inveterate "gaggist," and was never known to miss making a point, but, be it said to his credit, never at the expense of a fellow-actor.

Like many other men who have attained to eminence in the dramatic profession, Mr Toole commenced as an amateur, and made his *début* as a member of the Ingoldsby Club—an organization of amateurs from which many leading actors have sprung. After some time spent in the provinces, Mr Toole came to London, and appeared at the Adelphi Theatre, then under the management of Mr Benjamin Webster. Mr Wright, the celebrated low comedian of that theatre, had shortly before died, and Mr Toole succeeded to the vacancy. It was soon made evident to the public that the new-comer was possessed of more than ordinary ability. As the companion of poor Paul Bedford, the children's favourite, he ran many a low-comedy piece into public favour. Among the farces in which he played at the time, we may mention *Ici on parle Français*, *The Steeplechase*, *The Area Belle*, and *The Birthplace of Polydora*. He also assumed Mr Wright's parts in the following old Adelphi melodramas: *The Green Bushes*, *The Flowers of the Forest*, and *The Dead Heart*.

After Robson's death, Mr Toole conceived the idea of taking up his "line" of business, and with that view left the Adelphi Theatre and went to the Queen's, then under the management of Mr Alfred Wigan. At this theatre he appeared with Mr Lionel Brough in the play of *Dearer than Life*. It is not too much to say that the acting of these two men carried the piece, and was the cause of its tremendous run. Differences with the management were the reason of one member after another of the company leaving, when finally Mr Toole, finding it impossible to remain, migrated to the Gaiety Theatre, with which he has been more or less identified ever since. His most successful parts there were in H. J. Byron's play of *Uncle Dick's Darling*, some of his old Adelphi farces, and in the burlesques of *Aladdin* and the *Princess of Trebizonde*, in which he was so ably assisted by Miss E. Farren.

Few men have attracted popular sympathy to the extent that Mr Toole has. There is a touch of the irrepressible Irishman about him. He never waits to make a favourable impression, but rushes at his audiences regardless of consequences, and, happily, always carries them with him.

VENICE.—*Robert le Diable* has been produced most successfully at the Teatro Malibran. Signora Stolz, as Alice; Signorina de Reschi, as Isabella; Sig. Stagno, as Robert; Sig. Vidal, as Bertram; and Sig. Bioletto, as Raimbault, all contributed to this gratifying result, and were all called on at the termination of the opera. So, also, was the manager, Sig. Gallo.—Sig. Carisi has just completed a new opera entitled *Fedra*. The libretto is founded upon Racine's celebrated tragedy.

The Star City of Montalluyah.

(From "Another World.")

"The City of delights. The beloved of the Angels."

The power of the sun in my world is great, and the heat and light are excessive. The great heat being, however, tempered by cooling, refreshing winds, and gushing waters, is to our constitutions generally agreeable, except at the period called the extreme season.

The colours in the sky are in great variety, and of exceeding transparency and brightness, some parts presenting masses of gorgeous reds, golden colours, rich greens, and pinks of many shades.

The skies present also the appearance of a most irregular and uneven surface—as though there were high hills, some with their peaks, some with their bases, towards the earth, and with large spaces between, so that whilst in one part these hill-peaks and bases appear only a few miles off, other parts of the sky seem very distant.

In vast mountainous and rocky regions is built our great city called Montalluyah, that is, "God's own City."

What are called the *External World Cities* are built on the base sides and summits of many-peaked mountains, rocks, hills, and promontories, girded, intersected, and undermined by the sea.

The great City is divided into 200 districts each known by a name indicative of the situation:—*The Upper Mountain City, Summit City, Topmost Point City, The Lower City, Down City, Side City, Lower Under City, Sea City, Vale City, Ravine City, Side Country, The Internal City*, and similar designations.

Before my reign each of these districts formed a separate city. Great or rather petty jealousies existed among them, and much evil was the result; for they treated each other as rivals, and often as enemies. I decreed that all the districts should be called by one name, that the inhabitants of all should enjoy the same system of laws and government, the same customs and polity, and form as it were one family. I did many things to cement the union. I executed, too, numerous great works which assisted in promoting the growth of universal brotherhood. Many cities which formerly lay at immense distances from each other, separated by intervening mountains of immense height, I united by perforating the rocks, and building spacious galleries through the hearts and bases of the mountains, and by throwing "aerial" bridges from one mountain peak to another. Henceforth I shall speak of all these cities as "Montalluyah."

Palaces and edifices of various forms, their gilded spires and minarets inlaid with many coloured transparent stones which sparkle in our brilliant sun, stand on undulating sinuous ridges, peaks and terraces, rising one above the other in endless and irregular succession. The houses are mostly curved, oval, or round. In Montalluyah straight lines are avoided. The houses are built principally with a white stone mingled with a peculiar stone of a bright sky-blue colour, both stones repellent of heat. Gardens and verdure separate the houses one from the other. Most of the gardens are arranged in curvilinear lines, the houses being placed at the central point of the inner and outer curve alternately, so that each alternate house is on the outer centre of the garden curve, and each alternate house is on the inner centre of the adjoining curve. The undulating lines of terraces are broken by gigantic masses of rock of various colours, red, green, golden, white, blue, silver, brown, and variegated—rocks of carbuncle, lapis lazuli, malachite, gold-stone, and many coloured marbles. These rocks and undulations are intersected by ravines, rivers, inlets of the sea,

lakes, and cataracts, reflecting the many tints of the gorgeously coloured sky and the rays of our vividly bright sun, filling our city as it were with aureoles of glory.

In many parts the sea has made itself a hidden way, and runs its course for miles under the rocks, appearing again at great distances in one of the interior inland cities, perhaps at the bottom of a deep ravine or open space; and the waters are often raised and collected for use and ornament in fountains and artificial cascades called water-lifts: whilst springs of fresh water gush out of the rocks, affording refreshment to the sun parched and many-coloured grasses, flowers, and vegetation. Cataracts and artificial cascades often form the background to a great building or colossal statue. The effect of these large masses of water viewed from all parts is extremely grand and beautiful.

Sometimes the ravines, rivers, cataracts, and sea-arms are passed by huge bridges of the natural rocks, perforated by the sea, or opened by man to render navigation possible. Sometimes bridges miles in length are thrown across a cataract or immense chasm where the rocks have been relentlessly torn asunder by the lightning and other electrical disturbances. All the large bridges are covered with houses and gardens, which at a distance seem air-suspended cities, hanging without support over rivers, cataracts, large towns, and aggregations of houses.

Hermes (Communicator).

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM OFFENBACH TO M. DE VILLEMESSANT.

Paris, 7th August, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You no doubt still recollect my offering a prize for the best one-act operetta, at the time when I was giving at the Bouffes a little, very, very little, *Orphée aux Enfers*.

The committee of reference comprised Auber, Halévy, Thomas, Gounod, Victor Massé, Leborne, Scribe, Mélesville, and Saint-Georges.

The judges were illustrious; the successful competitors have since become so; Bizet and Lecocq were the two who shared the prize between them. As for myself, my reward was their success. I wish to repeat an experiment which turned out so well, and to get up, for my literary and musical *matinées*, not one but two such competitions annually.

One of the prizes will be for a one-act comedy in verse, and the other for a comic opera, the libretto to be obtained by me from one of my usual collaborators.

Each prize will consist of one thousand francs, and the successful works will be played at least three times in my theatre, so that their success may induce my fellow-managers to transport them to the theatres for which their peculiar character best suits them.

Such, my dear friend, is a rapid sketch of my idea. Permit me to return to the charge, when I have definitively settled the programme, and the particulars of the competition, which will, I doubt not, enlist the sympathy of all those who take an interest in the progress of art. Yours, truly,

JACQUES OFFENBACH.

NEW YORK.—Herr Theodor Wachtel has signed an engagement for next season with the manager of the German Opera. His last year's engagement at the same theatre brought him in 91,000 dollars.

VIENNA.—A sad incident lately diversified the proceedings at the Theatre of Magic, open, under the management of Madlle Armada, in the Prater. Just as the lady was about beginning her performance, the report of fire-arms was heard. At first the audience supposed this was comprised in the programme, but they soon found they were wrong. The shot had been fired by an unfortunate young man who had come to the theatre to commit suicide. On him was discovered a pocket-book in which was written: "I love Madlle Armada, but without hope."

PROFESSOR SULZER.

The *Magid* contains some interesting anecdotes relating to Professor Sulzer, the celebrated Chazan of the Jewish community at Vienna. Professor Sulzer, says our contemporary, has always exhibited an exemplary disinterestedness. He has never consented to sing at grand concerts to which he had been invited, saying with the Psalmist—"How can I sing the songs of the Lord in a strange land?" Being invited one day by Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, eldest son of the late Baron Anselm de Rothschild, to chant the *Meshabirach* at a marriage ceremony, he replied, "Who am I that I should go into such grand society? If anyone wishes to hear my voice, let him come to the synagogue during divine service." The parents of the reigning Emperor, the Archduke Francis Charles and the Archduchess Sophia, also begged him to sing at Court, but he remained firm in his piety, and refused to sing sacred songs there.

On the occasion of the celebration of his 70th birthday, to which we referred to some time back, the principal Burgomaster of the capital went in state to Professor Sulzer, to hand him the diploma which conferred on him the freedom of the City of Vienna. The following is the text of the document:—

"The municipal Council of Vienna considers it incumbent to accord to Herr Solomon Sulzer—Knight of the Austrian Order of Francis Joseph, wearer of the grand gold medal of Art and Science, Cantor in chief of the Jewish community of Vienna—on the occasion of the 70th anniversary of his birth, a special mark of homage for his merits. Solomon Sulzer, gifted with distinguished musical talents, is generally esteemed and honoured, especially in the artistic world, for his excellent works on music, which he consecrates to one of the most sublime of human missions, the glorification of religious worship. Attached since 1826 as principal officiating minister of the Jewish community of Vienna, he has contributed not a little as an artist to the elevation of the mind and the heart. But his artistic ability had also as its aim to awaken in others the germs of true art; and it is thus that Solomon Sulzer has, in a most disinterested manner, taught singing to a large number of poor pupils, who by their services, have increased both at home and abroad the fame of their master. In consideration of this eminent activity, the Municipal Council has conferred on Herr Solomon Sulzer the right of citizenship, free from taxes, of the City of Vienna."

Herr Sulzer has also been honoured with the title of Imperial Councillor.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

The Young Philosopher.

The late lamented Mr Jones
Was very dulcet in his tones.

He used to teach Geography.
At Prospect House Academy.

I was his pupil as a child, [mild.
And thought him rather weak and
My youthful spirit had a bent
For chemical experiment.

I found if ink was fed with chalk,
The fluid would get up and walk.
'Twas evident cretaceous placids
Disturbed the inky gallic acids.

For when the chalky shower I drizzled,
The ink rose up at once and
fizzled.

I thought that Jones would be content
To witness the experiment.

I put into that ink of his
Sufficient chalk to make it fizz.

He watched it calmly for a while,
Then turned with a benignant smile,

And said to me, "Dear boy, I think
You put some chalk into my
ink."

I gently dropped my dexter lid,
And said with conscious pride—"I
did!"

He said, "Come hither, gentle lad!"
And then I felt a little bad.

Said Mr Jones, in dulcet tones.
"I'm going to break your
little bones."

He firmly grasped his slender cane,
And, sighing, said it gave him pain.

I do not know how that might be—
I know it gave great pain to
me.

He said when he withheld his hand,
"Sit down!"—but I preferred to
stand.

And nothing to my mind atones
For those delusive ways of
Jones.

I fancied nought could him provoke,
But he revenged a simple joke.

He was a coward to beguile
With dulcet voice, and gentle smile.

He was a coward, to attack
A little boy—behind his back.

Fun.

MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has returned from Gotha, after visiting Dresden and other places. He will superintend the London rehearsal of his *Light of the World*, the performance of which he is to conduct at Liverpool.

WAIFS.

Mrs German Reed, with Mr Corny Grain, has been giving entertainments at Malvern.

Mr Gye, director of the Royal Italian, is shooting grouse in Scotland. (No hint intended.)

Verdi's *Forza del Destino* has been produced at the Santiago (Chili) Theatre with great success.

Signor and M^{me} Ardit, with M^{lle} Ardit and the "coming" conductor, are taking the baths at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

Sir Julius Benedict has just had conferred on him, by the King of Sweden, the honour of Knight of the order of Wasa.

Miss Linda Scates, the young and excellent pianist, has become the wife of one of the most eminent members of our literary and dramatic press.

The article upon Mr Chappell's "*History of Music*," published in last week's number of the *Musical World*, originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Sir Julius Benedict is said to have completed his new symphony, promised for the Liverpool Festival. May it equal his first; it can hardly surpass it.

Mr B. Lumley, director of Her Majesty's Theatre during the most memorable epoch of its history, is passing the remaining weeks of his legal holiday at Malvern.

Drury Lane Theatre opens this evening, with Mr F. Chatterton again at the helm, and a revival of Mr Andrew Halliday's *Amy Robarts*, to be followed by the pantomime of *Jack in the Box*.

Mr Campbell Clarke's adaptation for the English stage of M. Octave Feuillet's *Sphinx* was produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday, the principal character being sustained by M^{lle} Beatrice.

M^{lle} Flora Heilbron, the well-known young pianist, has arrived at New York. She intends giving an "introductory" concert at the commencement of the season on the re-opening of Steinway Hall.

Mr George Grove ("G. G.") was lately at Chamounix ascending in imagination to the heights of Mont Blanc, as he ascends in imagination to the heights of the symphony "NO. 9"—the Mont Blanc of Beethoven.

The Opera Comique re-opened on Saturday night under the direction of Mr D'Oyley Carte, with an adaptation for the English stage of M. Serpette's *La branche cassée*, with Miss Pattie Lavigne in the principal character.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales honoured the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre with his presence on Saturday last, and their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on Thursday.

Sir Julius Benedict has been to Liverpool, where he is already busy about the details of the Grand Musical Festival which he has been, naturally, elected to conduct. All the musical world is longing for his new symphony.

The libretto of the *opéra bouffe* which M. Offenbach has agreed to write for Mr George Wood (head of the house of Cramer), is founded upon *Whittington and his Cat*. The authors are MM. Nuitter and Trefen, and the English adapter is Mr H. Farnie.

Mr Frederic Sullivan has been specially engaged by Mr Hollingshead to appear at the Gaiety Theatre, in conjunction with Mr Arthur Cecil on Monday next, the 31st inst., in Mr Arthur Sullivan's *Cox and Box*. The reputation these two gentlemen enjoy in their respective characters is sufficient in warranting us saying that a most excellent performance may be anticipated.

A contemporary remarks that "not one of the programmes of the three forthcoming provincial musical festivals contains a single work of importance from the pen of Sir Sterndale Bennett. Dr Wesley conducts at Gloucester; and therefore we are not surprised; but the conductor at Liverpool is Sir Julius Benedict, and the conductor at Leeds is Sir Michael Costa. *Fi donc!* Not a crumb for their brother knight?" Our contemporary might have added that the behaviour of the Leeds people to our great English composer, who directed their first festival (1868), so well and with such excellent results, is inexplicable.

Mr Oberthur, the accomplished harpist, has been playing in various German towns. At Wiesbaden, especially, he met with great success. His concertina for harp and orchestra, and his "Meditation" and "La Cascade" for harp alone, were received with universal favour. At Frankfort-on-the-Maine Mr Oberthur also played his concertina with orchestra, and his solo piece was his charming composition, "Clouds and Sunshine" ("Wolken und Sonnenschein"). At Frankfort Mr Oberthur's compositions are evidently admired, his overture, *Floris von Namur*, being performed frequently by the band of Herr Kapellmeister L. Stasney, in the Palmen Garten.

Mr William Henry West Betty, distinguished in former years as the "Young Roadna," expired at his residence in Amptill-square, on Monday last, in the 83d year of his age. The famous Master Betty, in his 13th year, appeared at Covent-garden Theatre on December 1, 1804, as Selim in *Barbarossa*. His success was complete. On December 10 following he appeared at Drury-lane in *Douglas*. Twenty-eight nights in his first town season at Drury-lane produced £17,210,11s.; nightly average, £614 13s. He reappeared the following season for 24 nights at each theatre. His terms were 50 guineas per night. After an absence of six years he reappeared at Covent-garden in 1812. His engagement was very successful and it was renewed. At the age of 32, having gained a considerable fortune, he retired from the stage. Mr Betty's talents and private virtues commanded admiration and esteem.—*Times*, Aug. 27.

BERLIN.—Madlle Deichmann selected Marie, in *La Fille du Régiment*, as her second part at Kroll's Theatre. Both her singing and acting pleased very much. Another "star" has appeared at the same theatre. Herr Nachbaur, from Munich, has been singing the part of George Brown in *La Dame Blanche*. The other characters were creditably sustained by Mesdmes Wagner, Schmidt, Kannenberg, Herren Aglitzky, and Kemnitz.—Madlle Rosa Hasselbeck, from the Stadttheater, Königsberg, is engaged at the Royal Operahouse, from the 1st May, 1875. Mad. Mallinger and Herr Niemann re-open on the 15th September.—The professorial Staff at the Neue Academie der Tonkunst, or New Academy of Music, will be considerably strengthened in the term commencing the 5th October. Mad. Franziska Wuerst will superintend the classes for solo-singing, Professor Heinrich Dorn will direct those for score playing, and Dr Wilhelm Langhans will lecture on the History of Music.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASKREW, ROBERTS & CO. (Oswestry).—"The Book of the Choir." E. C. BOOSEY.—"The Music of the Soul," by Herbert Baines. LAMBORN COCK.—"How lonely" and "Why didst thou ever," by Charles Salaman; "The Fairy Wedding," duet, by Henry Smart; "Polonaise" and "Fantaisie sur deux airs Russes," pour piano, par M. Lafuente; "Princesse Valse," par W. Goldner; "Two Lives," song, by Cotsford Dick; "The Royal Ascent Galop," by C. H. R. Marriott. NOVELLO, EWER & CO.—"There is an hour" and "Fair is the swan," four-part songs, by Charles Salaman.

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